

Stranger Things Q by KinjoTetsuo7

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Summary: A journalist in Tokyo covering a plane crash discovers a plot far more sinister. Meanwhile in Riverview, Illinois, a city block appears out of thin air. These two paths will cross in Stranger Things Q. Note: This fic features characters of Ultra Q, sort of a part-Twilight Zone, part-Godzilla precursor to the Ultraman Series. Tagged as Ultra Brother for convenience sake.

1. Chapter 1: Bogey

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Gifu Air Base, Japan, November 1985

The clock in the air traffic control tower ticked past 11:30 PM. Staff Sergeant Hoshino watched over his skeleton crew, all preoccupied with monitoring their radar screens. Hoshino sipped his tea, eyeing his subordinates carefully. As Hoshino set his cup down on the map table, an airman removed his headset and called "Sergeant! We've got a bogey on the screen."

Hoshino briskly walked to the airman's station and looked at his monitor. Sure enough there was a blip, bearing in towards the base. Hoshino estimated that the bogey was moving at about 250 knots at an altitude at about 25,000 ft. "Any civilian flights in the air right now? US Air Force?" Hoshino asked.

"No sir. No civilian flights at this hour. The Americans would've notified us if they were flying by." the airman responded. At this moment the door opened. Hoshino immediately saluted his superior, Captain Kobayashi. The captain returned the salute "I was about to turn in for the night. Anything I should know?"

"We've got a bogey on the screen. Closing in on the base. Doesn't seem to be civilian or American." Hoshino explained.

"It wouldn't be a bogey if we knew who or what it was." the captain said with a half-smile. "I'll send somebody up."

15 minutes later, two F4 Phantoms roared into the night. Kobayashi relayed his order to the fighters: "Intercept the bogey, do not engage. Hopefully this will scare him off. Over."

The flight lead, Hawk 1, repeated the order "Roger, we are closing to intercept. Over and out". The two Phantoms banked in the direction of the bogey and throttled forward. Meanwhile, Kobayashi, Hoshino, and the airman watched the action from the radar. Two blips, the Phantoms, closed in on the bogey. The bogey still moved at the

constant speed. Then it stopped.

The three men froze. The bogey had been moving at 250 knots and stopped on a dime. Kobayashi bolted for the radio handset. "Hawk 1, come in. Over." Static. "Hawk 1, do you read me? Over." Still more static. He turned to a very confused Sergeant Hoshino and the terrified airman. "I think they jammed our coms." Kobayashi tried to explain.

"Who's they?" the airman stammered.

Everyone in the room had their undivided attention to the radar monitor. The two jets continued to close in on the bogey. The bogey remained motionless for a moment longer than blipped off the screen. The F4s continued pass the last known location of the jet. The airman shouted "The jets are rapidly losing altitude!" The group helplessly watched as the two fighters disappeared from the radar screen, several miles behind the last known location of the bogey.

A few moments later there was an audible "wump", as the sound of the explosion reached the air traffic control tower.

8 Hours Later, Tokyo

Edogawa Yuriko effectively lived in a box of an apartment. The box contained most of her day to day appliances, apart from a laundry machine and a bath. Her room was sparse, containing little in the way of furniture. She had a *chabudai* which she ate, worked, and on the rare occasion accepted guests. A small TV sat in a corner, on top of a tape deck. Next to the TV was a bookshelf that was primarily reference books and back issues *Mu* and *Puchi Comic*. Her window overlooked a heavily polluted canal.

Currently, Edogawa Yuriko was sprawled out on the floor, her futon in disarray. Her old black phone on the kitchen counter started ringing. Yuriko poked her head out of her blanket, glaring at the phone. She had only reached her apartment six hours earlier and was in bad shape. Being a journalist is rough, she thought to herself as she grabbed the Bakelite handset.

"Good morning. Edogawa speaking." Yuriko barely enunciated to into

the phone.

"Edogawa-*kun*, get packing. You're going to Gifu." It was Seki, the 60-year-old man in charge of the current affairs desk at the *Mainichi Shinbun*.

"Gifu? What's happening?" Yuriko inquired, reaching for her notepad.

"Two JASDF jets collided in mid-air last night. It sounds like all four pilots are still unaccounted for. They're holding a press conference tomorrow and I want you to be there." Seki explained. Yuriko scrawled notes with her pencil.

"What about my article on the serial kidnappings?" Yuriko asked when Seki finished.

"The police seemed to be stumped and so are you!" Seki snapped. Yuriko's boss collected himself "Put it on hold. Get moving. Sugimoto is going to take pictures for you; he'll meet you at the station."

Seki hung up, leaving Yuriko standing with the handset. I'm not stumped, Yuriko thought, I just need a few more leads.... She put the handset back on the cradle and started to collect her necessary travel items. Yuriko figured she only needed a few nights worth of clothes as she was only staying to cover the press conference. After she was satisfied with what she packed, Yuriko opened the metal door to her apartment and stepped out into the chilly autumn morning.

2. Chapter 2: Broadsword, calling Danny Boy

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Riverview, Illinois

Will Byers had mixed feelings in essentially becoming step-brother to Jane Hopper, better known as Eleven. On one hand he was happy, as her long-suffering mother would have another helping hand around the house. On the other hand, Will didn't quite know who Eleven *was*. Will knew about Eleven the super power-wielding, ass-kicking, super-heroine. He bared witness to this on a few occasions and was reminded of this on numerous occasions by his friends.

But Eleven sans powers were beyond Will's depth. Prior to the move, he had gone to Mike for advice. Will came away from the meeting perhaps more confused than coming in, still trying to understand what the significance of Eggo's were. Nevertheless, Will was determined to adopt the brother role. After all, he owed a lot to his own brother.

It was a sunny, but chilly day and Will was making his way back from high school. The trees were stripped of the leaves and the afternoon light filtered through unblocked. Will's new house was located on 1414 Banks Street, in the sort of neighborhood where everybody knew everybody else. Thus, with arrival of the Byers (plus Eleven) sort of upset the status quo. But the neighborhood did their best to accommodate the Byers, much to their relief.

Will's mind was clouded with the thoughts of high school. He unlocked the door and trudged into the landing.

"I'm home!" Will yelled, mustering up the last of his energy.

"I'm downstairs!" a reply came from the basement.

The basement was a focal point for debate between Jonathan, Will/ Eleven, and Joyce. Naturally Jonathan wanted it as dark room for his photographs, while Will and Eleven lobbied hard for it to be the game room. Joyce adopted a diplomatic solution in which if

Jonathan needed a darkroom, he would "reserve" it beforehand. Otherwise the basement was storage/rec room.

Will headed down the stairs and into the basement. Eleven was sitting straight-backed in front of a TV intently watching a rerun of an old science fiction serial. An empty Coke can sat upright on a dinged-up coffee table. A space heater did its best to heat the room, but it still remained cool inside. Stacks of still packed boxes from the move remained tucked away in the back corners of the room. A ham radio that Will had made sat on a side table. The radio was used in order to curtail the prices of long-distance phone calls between Riverview and Hawkins.

"How was school?" Eleven asked. Her hair remained on the shorter side, tied back with a scrunchie. Her fashion sense was pragmatic, wearing flannel over a t-shirt with jeans.

"Busy." Will responded tersely. He dropped his bag on a beat-up couch and sat with it, slowly letting himself be consumed by its cushions.

"What did you do?" Eleven pressed.

Will knew that she was trying to "make conversation". Joyce had taught Eleven the concept of small talk and clearly Eleven was applying her newly taught knowledge. "I had a chemistry class. That was interesting. I was also assigned an essay in English. I am not looking forward to it." Will answered.

Eleven nodded. Her communication and comprehension skills had improved remarkably, much in part to the concentrated effort of the Byers family. It was far too risky enroll Eleven into the local high school. Who knew if people were still after Eleven and her dormant abilities? They had just recently dealt with Russians, not to mention the Mind Flayer and his minions. Joyce thought it best to minimize Eleven's profile, much to her chagrin. Nevertheless, Eleven fit in well in her new home, making herself useful when needed.

The ham radio crackled to life. "Broadsword, calling Danny Boy. Over." Will and Eleven's face immediately lit up. "Broadsword" was the call sign from Hawkins. The pair scrambled to the radio.

"This is Danny Boy. We read you five by five. Over." Will said into the handset.

Since they were transmitting only over the state border, the party could all huddle around Dustin's radio in Mike's basement instead of camping out on the hill. Mike was designated as "capcom", the only one who could talk to Will and Eleven when on the radio. Dustin and Lucas were directly behind Mike, while Max sat in a chair next to the radio.

"Will, it's great to hear you!" Mike paused "Is El there?"

"Say over." Dustin pestered.

"Over!" Mike added, while giving Dustin the stink-eye.

Will handed the handset to Eleven "I'm here. Over." Eleven said into the microphone. Mike's already wide grin grew wider.

"Have you been keeping busy?" Mike asked, somewhat awkwardly.

Lucas gave an incredulous look. "Keeping busy? What are you? 45?" Dustin snickered.

"Shut it." Mike retorted.

"I've been helping Mrs. Byers around the house. Over." Eleven politely responded.

The conversation went back and forth, the two parties trading stories about school, games, and movies. Will and Eleven were so engrossed in the conversation that they had not noticed Joyce standing at the top of the basement stairs, watching happily. She had just returned home and despite calling out to Will and Eleven it fell on deaf ears. It was relieving for her to see the two of them being...*normal*. Despite the losses of Bob and Hopper, seeing Will and Eleven being happy did wonders for her recovery.

At this point Jonathan had returned home. "Hi mom. Sorry, I'm late. We were pretty busy..." he trailed off after noticing Joyce standing at the top of the basement stairs. He walked up beside Joyce and looked over her shoulder. "They look really happy." Jonathan said.

Joyce turned and smiled at Jonathan "It was a long time coming but I think we are safe and sound."

"Danny Boy" signed off at about 9 o'clock and Will turned off the radio. "I'm going to bed now. I have class tomorrow."

Eleven nodded and said "I think I will do the same."

"Good night Eleven. I'll see you in the morning." Will headed upstairs to say good night and to his mom and brother. When Eleven was sure she heard his door close, she sat on the floor in front of the Coke can. She sat down and focused on it, visualizing that the can would crumple. Eleven's powers had disappeared after her encounter with the Mind Flayer at Starcourt and despite Mike's assurances that her powers would return, Eleven was not so sure.

10 minutes went by with no luck. Eleven leaned back on her hands and glared at the Coke can. Not even a dent in the can and no bloody nose. It was frustrating. Maybe Joyce would prefer her to not have her powers and make her less of a target, but that's not how Eleven saw it. Her powers were her identity, it was what made Eleven, *Eleven*. She stood up, stretched, and left the basement to go to bed, disgruntled at her lack of progress.